

The Losers Went Down to Georgia by MusicalFangirl00193

Series: [It ABO verse \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, And babby, But Johnny is literally 13, I mean all the Losers are, Johnny Uris is a sweet baby who needs to be protected, M/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Original Child Character(s), Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-29

Updated: 2019-12-13

Packaged: 2019-12-13 01:26:41

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,616

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After hearing that Stan survived his suicide attempt, Bill and Mike go down to keep him company and make sure he's going to be okay

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Reminder:
Bill: Omega
Mike: Alpha
Stan: Beta

Not relevant here yet, but maybe still useful
Bev: Alpha
Ben: Omega
Richie: Omega
Eddie: Alpha

“Bill,” Mike put a hand on the other’s shoulder “Calm down, we’re landing soon. Patty already texted me the hospital address and room number.”

Bill nodded, taking a moment and a deep breath. “You’re right,” he said, letting it out with a sigh. “As always.”

Mike smiled and placed a kiss to Bill’s forehead as they landed. “Let’s go get our Stan.”

The hospital in Atlanta was even more imposing than the one in Derry, even without the trauma Derry Home had for the Losers.

They signed in at the desk, getting sticker name badges before being directed to Stan’s room.

“Hey, Loser,” Bill said lightly when they reached the room. “Up for some company?”

Stan’s face lit up, a smile that didn’t find its way to his face often. “Hey, Losers,” he returned. “Two visitor limit?”

“The others are still back in Derry,” Mike said, taking a seat next to the bed. “Looking after Eddie.”

“He didn’t...” Stan looked meaningfully at his arms.

“No, IT got him, when we were fighting.”

“And IT’s...?”

“Dead.” Mike’s voice was final. “Neibolt collapsed in on IT.”

“Good.” He looked at Bill, who’d taken a seat on the edge of the bed. “They’re okay enough to send the pack leaders away?”

“Richie’s not going anywhere while Eddie’s in the hospital, and Ben and Bev won’t leave him there by himself.”

Stan nodded, head falling back against the wall. “Patty wants a divorce,” he murmured. “This was too much for her. If Johnny hadn’t found me when he did...God, I didn’t even think about what this would do to him.”

“It’ll be okay,” Bill ran gentle fingers through Stan’s hair. “Johnny’s...?”

“My son,” Stan said. “He’s 13 and he’s the best kid. I have no idea where all my shitty 13-year-old karma went, because it’s absolutely not in Johnny.” He settled, the smile that Johnny had brought to his face falling. “No idea if Patty will ever let me see him again. Not sure if he’d want to, not that I could blame him.”

“You’ll be fine.” Mike patted his leg. “Get some sleep, Stan. We’ll be here when you wake up.”

Stan smiled and did, letting Bill help him adjust to lay down. “I’m glad you guys came,” he murmured, halfway to dropping off. “It was lonely being the only Loser.”

2. Chapter 2

There was a teenager sitting in the waiting room, when Mike went to get the coffee he and Bill were both so desperately craving after not sleeping for at least 48 hours, not counting the cat nap Bill had caught on the plane.

“Kid looks lonely,” Mike noted to the nurse. “Where’re his parents?”

“Poor kid,” the nurse sighed. “He’s Mr. Uris’ son. Mom hasn’t been around much, I’ve heard rumors about divorce. He’s been camped out here since they brought his daddy in.”

Mike nodded, grabbing the cups of coffee that the machine had just finished pouring. “Thanks,” Mike said with a nod to the nurse. “Is this seat taken?” he asked, gesturing to the seat next to Johnny.

Johnny just shook his head, barely looking away from the game he was playing.

“You’re Johnny, right?” Mike asked. “Johnny Uris?”

“Yeah,” Johnny paused his game and looked up at Mike. “Who’re you?”

“Mike Hanlon, I was a friend of your dad’s when we were your age.”

“So why’re you here?” Johnny asked. “I’ve never heard him mention you before.”

“We were estranged for a bit,” Mike agreed. “Have you seen your dad today?”

“They won’t let me go in without an adult,” Johnny shrugged uncomfortably. “Mom hasn’t come to see him at all.”

“Come on, then,” Mike said, standing. “Let’s go see your dad.”

“Really?” Johnny asked, scrambling out of his chair and grabbing his bag.

"Of course," Mike said. "You deserve to know your dad's okay. I heard you're the one who found him in the tub."

"Dad never takes baths," Johnny shrugged. "And he was acting funny after you called, so I kept an eye on him, I guess."

"You did a good job, kid." Mike would have ruffled his hair if his hands hadn't been full of coffee. "Your dad's proud of you."

"Really?"

"Of course, wouldn't stop talking about you."

Johnny smiled shyly as Mike opened the door to Stan's room.

"So the picking up strays wasn't just a one-time thing?" Bill teased, looking up from his laptop. "Who's your friend?"

"Bill, this is Johnny Uris," Mike crossed the room and handed Bill his coffee. "Johnny, this is Bill Denbrough, he's our pack leader."

"Small pack," Johnny murmured, eyes darting between his dad and the other two.

"The rest of our pack is in Maine," Bill said. "One of our packmates is in a hospital up there, so everyone else is with him."

"How much is everyone else?"

"Four."

Johnny nodded, eyes starry at the idea of a pack more than just him and his parents.

"Is your mom here with you?" Bill asked.

"No," Johnny curled in on himself, looking longingly at the empty space on the bed next to his dad. Poor kid was obviously overwhelmed and just wanted something familiar. "I haven't seen her since they brought Dad in."

"You've been out in the waiting room for two days?" Bill asked,

absolutely shocked at the idea of anyone leaving a child, especially one so obviously in distress, by himself.

“Well, that just won’t do,” Bill said, shutting his laptop. “It looks like you’ve got two choices for right now, Johnny. Either you can come over here and take a nap on the couch,” he gestured towards the open half of the couch next to him. “Or you can climb up there with your dad and nap with him.”

“Is that allowed?” Johnny asked in a small voice.

“Of course. Close proximity to pack members helps anyone heal faster.”

“Dad’s a beta.”

“Doesn’t change science,” Bill countered. “Especially since he grew up in a pack full of alphas and omegas as the only beta. And you’re his son, that always helps.”

Johnny didn’t need any more encouragement, climbing onto the bed and curling up carefully next to Stan. He was asleep in seconds.

“We can’t just steal him,” Mike said, the second Bill turned his eyes on him.

“She left him, Mike!” Bill hissed. “She left her son, so obviously about to present as an omega after he found his father bleeding out in the bathtub. That’s abandonment, Mikey.”

“I know, Bill, I know,” Mike put a hand on Bill’s shoulder and pulled him in for a hug. “We’ll figure this out, alright?”

“I’m not leaving him here, Mikey,” Bill’s eyes were blazing in a way Mike hadn’t seen since their last interaction with Bowers as a kid. “Either of them.”

“We don’t have to, aren’t going to,” Mike assured him. “Promise.”

3. Chapter 3

Bill and Mike never get to meet Patty, even when her lawyer came by with divorce papers for Stan to sign.

He gets to keep his car, and half the money from the sale of the house as well as half the money from their joint accounts. He also gets full custody of Johnny while Patty keeps the business they'd built together.

"Well," Stan signed the last of the divorce papers with almost the same pen stroke as his discharge paperwork. "Now what?"

"We got the last of your guys' stuff packed up, it should be waiting for us at the house when we get there," Mike said. "Our flight leaves at six."

"And it is..."

"Just past noon." Mike picked up the last duffel bag before Stan could. "Bill and Johnny are getting the car. I figure we'll get lunch, and then head to the airport."

Stan nodded tersely, playing with the cuff of the long sleeve shirt he was wearing to hide the scars.

"Hey," Mike stopped just inside the door, hand on Stan's shoulder. "You gotta tell me if something's wrong, sweetheart."

Stan melted a little on the inside, leaning into the touch and the nickname. "A lot of things are changing," Stan murmured. "I've never been good at change."

Mike pulled Stan in for a hug. "You'll be okay, sweetheart," he said, pressing a kiss to the top of Stan's head. "And if you ever feel like you won't, let me know. Or one of the other Losers, if you don't wanna talk to me."

"Okay," Stan let himself hold on for a few moments more before forcing himself to pull away. "We should head out so we're not late."

“Alright,” Mike agreed, leading Stan to where Bill had told him they’d be waiting.

“This place is huge,” Jonathan breathed, looking up at the house from the driveway.

“Yeah,” Stan stepped up behind him, hands on his shoulders. “Think you’ll like having so many packmates?”

Johnny shrugged. “Can I have my own room?”

“Sure you can, buddy,” Bill grinned, coming up to stand next to Stan. “We’ve got the second floor. We’ve sent Richie into exile in the attic and Ben and Bev’ll be in between.”

“First floor’s communal,” Mike added. “We’ll need a chore chart.”

“I can do that,” Stan said, already thinking of the whiteboard chart he’d make. “Let’s get a look at this place first, and start unpacking.”

“That’s our Stan,” Bill slung an arm around his shoulders. “Always practical.”

Mike laughed, leading the way to the front door since he was the one with the key. “Welcome home,” he murmured, opening the door. “Home at last.”

Once they were all inside, Johnny having run off to pick out his room, Bill pulled Mike in, kissing first Stan then Mike. “Home at last,” he agreed, leading his mates up the stairs.

Author's Note:

Because I wrote these two together, this one's going to be the next few updates will probably be this, since they tie into When You Return. Enjoy!